

EVENING LEDGER
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PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1914.

hammer to the new artist with the new message. As an English critic has written:

In music, in literature, in the conduct of life, our fathers used to build the tombs of the prophets whom their fathers had stoned. Now, even if a stone is picked up, it drops from the half-hurt fingers of the critic, who does not know whether in a few days he will not have become a disciple.

Too hasty, too violent criticism has turned aside many a sensitive artist from the accomplishment of great things. It has never deterred the "boulder." The creative life of society depends on never-ending experiment. It must not be stifled; it must not be hampered. Accept or reject, but do either with consideration. That is what the critics have learned.

Highest Expression of Penroseism

THE highest expression of Penroseism in Pennsylvania is the Organization, which has been impeding and hampering the development of the city for so long that it has come to be accepted by citizens, who do not realize what a pack of cards it is, as a Philadelphia institution. There is no apologist for this machine except among its beneficiaries. Indeed, ordinary citizens elsewhere are so satisfied with simple Americanism that they would ridicule the idea of substituting for it in Washington the trickery and loot which so often in Philadelphia have gone by the name of government. After an experience with the mild form of Penroseism in Washington the nation repudiated it utterly. It will not now take any part in a conspiracy to revive the political system Penroseism connotes. Pennsylvania can recover her prestige and political influence or she can cut herself off from her sister States by labors herself once more to a sinking and rotten craft.

Put a Feather in His Cap

SENATOR BURTON can well afford to be saluted for his superb work in defeating the extravagant Harbors and Rivers bill. Undoubtedly many meritorious items were lost, but the country congratulates itself that still more unworthy items were stricken from the measure. It is not a good time for "pork." It is a period when national economy is imperative. Senator Burton prevented a ridd on the Treasury. Put a feather in his cap for it.

Stifled National Ideals

INTERNATIONALISM is not a denial of nationalism. On the contrary, it presupposes the free and unretarded assertion of national powers and qualities. The race hatred fostered in Russia, in German Poland, in the Dual Monarchy, is merely the logical result of the stifling of national ideals and aspirations by oppression and despotism. There can never be peace in Europe, until every people, from the weakest to the strongest, is given an opportunity to assert its manhood and in the light of freedom lay its contributions upon the altar of mankind. There can be no Parliament of Man until every nation learns the lesson of democracy and self-government in a parliament of its own. If out of the holocaust in Europe there shall arise a redistribution of national and racial boundaries compatible with the aspirations of the people's yearning for emancipation, the price of the achievement will not have been too dear.

Making Ready the Leaven

THE cause may be war or bad business, but the colleges report record enrollments. The auditorium at the University was crowded beyond its capacity during the opening exercises. The State College was compelled to refuse admission to more than 200 applicants. No country need despair when its educational institutions are flourishing. They are the true foundations of wealth and prosperity. They make ready the leaven. Industrial depression is always a passing phase in the nation's progress, but the uplift from education is continuous and without interruption.

Rip Van Winkles in Citizenship

PRELIMINARY to the November balloting, the better element in politics must always face that deadly enemy, popular apathy. Their registration lists will be full on October 3—a tall order. At that time the Austrian capital boasted of a wit named Saphir, who edited a weekly and wrote all of its contents. Then Mme. Sarah was as thin as the proverbial rail fence. The day she arrived Saphir's paper contained the announcement: "An empty carriage drew up to the hotel entrance and out stepped Mme. Bernhardt." The actress threatened all sorts of dire things, but the worst was yet to come, for when she announced that she was learning to play the flute Saphir came back with: "Mme. Bernhardt is learning to play the flute. In order to distinguish the instrument, she has decorated it with a blue bow." But it was as an impromptu wit that Saphir shone. Once, when he turned a street corner he bumped into a stranger. "Donkey!" thundered the stranger. "And MY name is Saphir," replied the wit politely bowing.

Rewards of the Commonplace

"IF YOU want to go anywhere you have to start from where you are," said Burke. First steps are as important as last steps. Striving from where one is involves a right understanding of the commonplace. A great motive invests every deed with significance. Murillo painted "Angels Kneeling." The content perfect, faithful to his humble status, finds the kitchen filled with angels, each doing a simple service. The monk's vision was his reward for ordinary work well done. Commonplace tasks become great achievements when performed with all the soul that the soldier dying in the trench can bring to his duty. The soldier dying in the trench can be no greater than the king in his throne. To accomplish things in a perfect manner is a greater sign of religion than to do great things in an imperfect manner. The despised equality relationships of life may be the rungs in the ladder that reaches to the skies.

The Organization Looks a Long Way Ahead for Its Profit

The area of Asiatic exclusion does not include the theatre of war.

Profund Penroseism may be a Good Thing for the Democrats, but Knifing it Would be a Letter to the Republicans

Director Harris of the Bureau of Health wants \$200,000 for the protection of the health of the children of Philadelphia. To the ordinary citizen this would seem to be a more important project than the building of palaces for a Municipal Court that does not need them.

Captious Critics of Capable Artists

ONLY in such small matters as wars and the fate of races are the American people given to snap judgments. Everywhere else, even down to fashions and the "movies," they are chary of quick vituperation. They have learned their lesson. A few Wagners, Ibsens and Darwins, misjudged yet triumphant, have been enough. Now it is the brave or the foolish who takes the sledge

PASSED BY THE CENSOR

METAPHYSICALLY speaking, Britain's mental viewpoint is best reflected in the "arony" or personal column of the London Times. At present, when the land is distracted by war, the column is a veritable mirror of human emotions, running the whole gamut, from pathos to bathos; from love messages to the sale of an auto. Most often, "Brown Eyes" appears: I LOVE you, speak—Yours, Brown Eyes. The next day she spoke thusly: BROWN EYES probably off shortly. Don't phone me 118 111 let you know—B. E. But she was misunderstood evidently, as the following notice indicated: BROWN EYES, for whom is your message meant? Be as explicit as you can—B. But "Brown Eyes" was not the only one, for there were messages from the front, uncensored, and from the heart: LIEUTENANT J. McE—My heart is with you—JEAN. ADA W. M.—Am still well and unharmed, dear. Every one in best of spirits and very confident. All my love—ARCH. But we are not through with women as yet, though this one is of a different type—perchance a militant: DOCTOR'S WIFE, middle-aged, will undertake to perform the work of any travesty conductor, coachman, shop assistant or other married worker with children, provided that worker will undertake to enlist and fight for his country in our hour of need. All wages earned will be paid over to the wife and family—Apply Mrs. Lowry, 1 Priory terrace, Kew-green, S. W. Then comes a plea: BOY, 7 months, son of officer going to war, wants some one, good family, to adopt him. R. C. preferred—Box H 140, The Times.

IN A SPIRIT OF HUMOR

The Point of View

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On the Right Track

A seedy-looking man walked slowly up to the farmhouse. "Madam," he said to the farmer's wife, "may I chop some wood for you? I'll do it for nothing." The lady looked at him suspiciously. "Do you be heedin' exercise?" She inquired. "Not exactly, madam. The only thing I require is that you let me sit by the woodpile for a few hours. I am an artist of the old school, and I have been commissioned to do a futuristic impression of an aeroplane. I wish to use the woodpile as a model."

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And then Turkey may be superstitious, in which event there will be no Mohammedan participation in the war until after Thanksgiving Day.

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"Are they well mated?" "Perfectly. She's afraid of automobiles and he can't afford one."—Detroit Free Press.

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CURIOSITY SHOP

"Pol wallpaper," the idiomatic name for dishwashers, was originally applied to a class forming the constituency of certain English boroughs, or housekeepers considered sufficiently well established to hold a pot within the limits of the borough over a fireplace erected in the open air. The phrase, "who steals my purse, steals trash," is not original with Shakespeare, after all. It appears originally in the "Homily Against Contentions," set forth in the time of Edward I, which says: "For the one taketh away a man's good

DONE IN PHILADELPHIA

MISS MARY E. PHILLIPS, of Boston, who has been here for a few days in preliminary research for her biography of Poe, told me that her life of Fenimore Cooper, which she published last year, had required seven years of travel and research, and that when the book was ready for the press it had cost, on an average, more than \$21 a page. As there were 400 pages in that very excellent biography of the author of the Leatherstocking Tales, the reader who is quick at figures will note that it is not always a profitable undertaking to write a book.

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in a higher future. If you don't find it this afternoon, look for it tomorrow morning. But never go to your desk without fully expecting that your opportunity is going to be right there before you. Or, if you've a minute you decide that it is not going to be there you are doomed."

The motive of the advice was plain. The merchant had clearly brought out the vast difference between sitting around and waiting for opportunity and actively looking for it. Waiting is a passive process; looking means action. And action is creative.

VIEWERS OF READERS ON TIMELY TOPICS

Contributions That Reflect Public Opinion on Subjects Important to City, State and Nation.

To the Editor of the Evening Ledger: Sir—Now that "Germanophobia" has somewhat subsided, I should like to call the attention of your readers to two fields of human endeavor in which Germany has set the world's pace. They are architecture and the theatre. In Germany alone has there been a distinct contribution to the art of public building in the last quarter century. She has evolved a rare and beautiful new technique for the handling of massive stone and tenuous steel work, German theatres, court, State and municipal, as well as private ventures, have similarly pushed the technique of scenic production years ahead of the rest of the world. That is why Max Reinhardt's name is a byword for the theatre, and his technique in the theatre, in a nation that has perfected two such arts, amounts to more, barbarian? Are these arts to be still further hampered in their spread abroad by the victory of the Allies? Both are questions worth the attention of all Americans.

CARL BRENNER, Philadelphia, September 25, 1914.

SALESGIRL PLEADS FOR CONSIDERATION

To the Editor of the Evening Ledger: Sir—I am a saleslady in one of the largest department stores in this city, and, noticing that you publish letters in your paper, I would like to draw your attention to a certain matter. I think that most salesgirls will agree with me when I say that the thoughtless attitude of some women purchasers is making life very hard for us. These women treat us as if we were some piece of machinery, ordering us to show them article after article, when it is quite obvious that they have not the slightest intention of purchasing anything. Combined with this thoughtless attitude is a great deal of insolence. Why cannot women be more polite and kindly toward working girls? A kindly or appreciative word would greatly lighten the day's task, and would surely cost the woman buyer but little. A DISHEARTENED SALESGIRL, Philadelphia, September 25, 1914.

LET THEIR NAMES BE SEEN

To the Editor of the Evening Ledger: Sir—May I suggest that for the enlightenment of unthinking voters you place in some conspicuous position at standing matter in your election a list of Councilmen who hold county or State jobs and name the yearly pay of each? Over it all let the caption be "Good Republicans are we."

It is an amount required is too great for its daily appearance, how about several times a week? It makes one weary to see every effort toward business methods frustrated, not to say anything about downright stealing. JOHN S. EVANS, 195 North Camac street.

WASH FRANKLIN'S FACE

To the Editor of the Evening Ledger: Sir—I am glad to see the EVENING LEDGER calling Philadelphia's attention to the shocking state of Ben Franklin's face. As your reporter truthfully says, the head is treated with the weather, the waistcoat with what might pass for gravel. Surely Philadelphia is neither so poverty-stricken—even with a Municipal Court to pay for—nor so shameless, to let the head of the small court of a bath to so eminent a man. F. K. L., Philadelphia, September 25, 1914.

ENGLISH HAVE THE ADVANTAGE

To the Editor of the Public Ledger: Sir—The English have the advantage because they use our language and we print their poems. If some of the stirring verse which has been written in Germany could be published in the United States so that everybody could read it, the English would be in a very great way. We only get the London point of view in this country, and the London Journalists never let anything get by that is not favorable to their cause. S. T. LEINBERG, Atlantic City, September 22, 1914.

CARIC OBJECTABLE

To the Editor of the Public Ledger: Sir—There should be some law forbidding people who have eaten garlic to ride on the subway until the effects have dissipated themselves. Last Sunday the odor was so objectionable that I was compelled to leave my seat and walk to the front car, where fresh air came through. Can't something be done about this? S. T. VIKINON, Overbrook, September 22, 1914.

Down With the Dreadnought

From the New York World. When one submarine can sink three 12,000-ton ships in